

Shadow Comics

THE
SHADOW
KNOWS!

HEY PALS!
MEET BEEBO,
THE BRAVEST BOY
IN THE WORLD!

SURPRISED TO
HEAR ME TALK?
JUST READ OUR
ADVENTURES
STARTING
PAGE 13 ...



PUBLISHED MONTHLY

THE HAND OF DEATH* STARTS ON PAGE 3



BEEBO AND FLEET THE WONDER HORSE

THE thrilling adventures
of a boy raised by ani-
mals and who, with his
wonder horse, fights for
existence in the jungles.

3 SHADOW STORIES

1. The Hand of Death
2. Goona Goona Fan
3. Chinese Torture
Cage

GRINNING,
GLEAMING—



IT THREATENED TO
SWALLOW THE SHADOW!

It was a silver skull in the middle of a road . . . but no one knew what that skull was to mean as a horrible messenger of destruction! The Shadow must use all his powers to find the answer to **THE ADVENTURE OF THE SILVER SKULL**, in the January issue of **SHADOW COMICS**. Plus two other sensational **SHADOW** stories in brilliant color.

Could Nick Carter clear the name of The Shadow as a murderer? Read Nick's Hollywood adven-

ture for the startling answer.

An orchestra leader is found dead, with a baton stuck into his back—and Danny Garrett has to solve "the perfect crime" to track the killer in **DEATH ON THE DOWNBEAT**.

Then there's another installment of Beebo, and The Wonder Horse, a thrilling Hooded Wasp story, and the third of the series of Codes by Henry Lysing, famous Hollywood director. Don't miss the action-packed January issue of

SHADOW COMICS

10c : ON SALE NOVEMBER 27 AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

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79 SEVENTH AVENUE, N. Y.







Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Shadow Comics, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Shadow Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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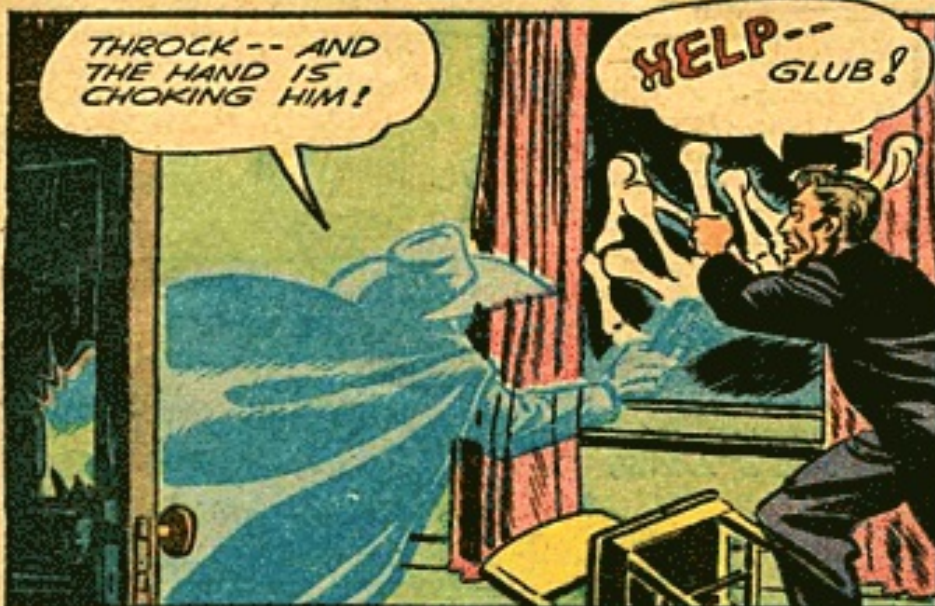
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H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1942. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 34, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1944.)









AFTER YOU, CRANSTON.

THANKS, COMMISSIONER. COURTESY COUNTS EVEN WHEN TIME IS PRECIOUS.



THERE GOES THE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICIAL CAR AND THE BOSS IS IN IT!

WE'D BETTER FOLLOW, SHREVVY!



COMING WITH ME, CRANSTON?

I'M GETTING BORED. I THINK I'LL TAKE A CAB BACK TO THE CLUB!



HERE ARE YOUR THINGS, LAMONT.

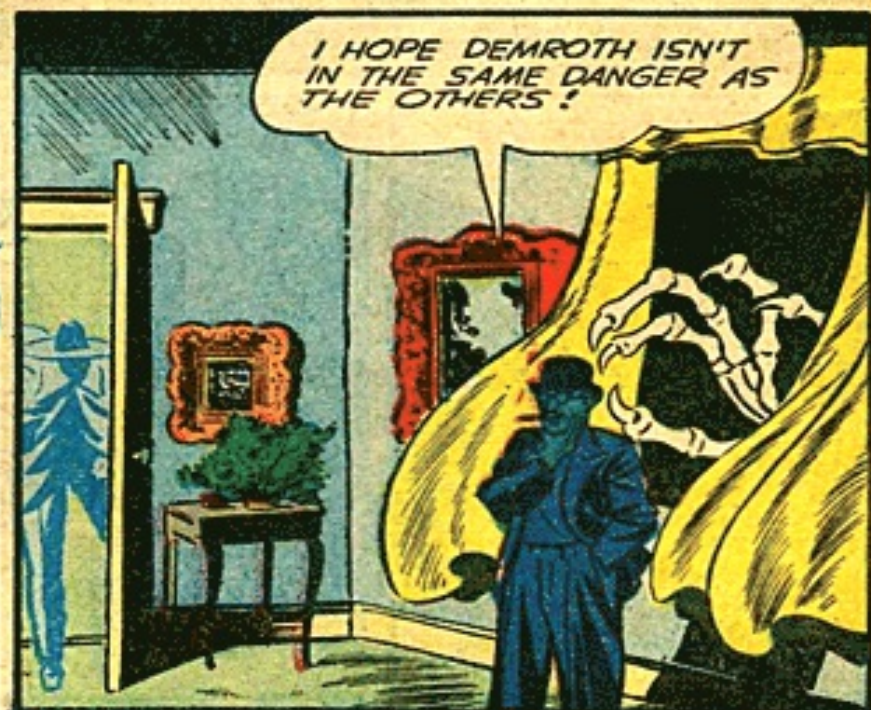
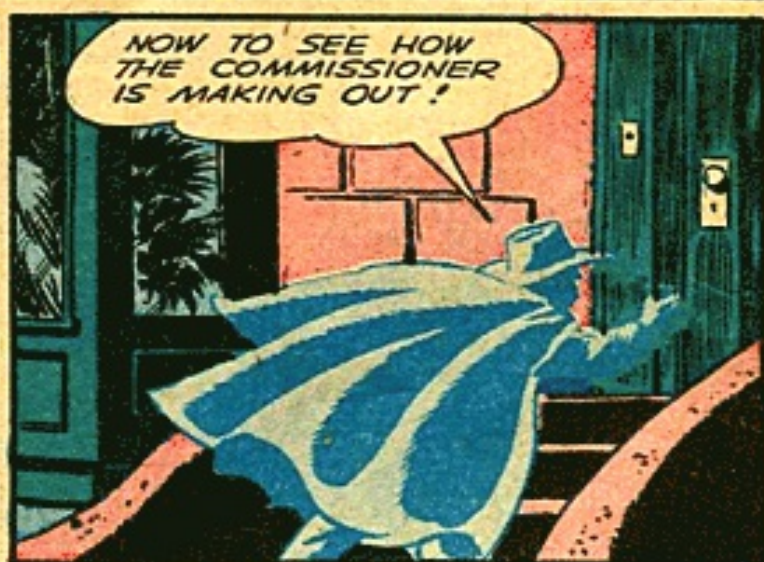
THANKS, MARGO. I'LL MEET YOU LATER.



NOW TO SEE HOW THE COMMISSIONER MAKES OUT WITH DEMROTH!



I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR -- SAY, THERE'S THAT BONY MITT AGAIN, GRABBING FOR MISS LANE!





LOOK OUT, COMMISSIONER!



I'LL STILL PROVE THAT THE HAND HAS SOMETHING ON IT!



THAT JARRED IT LOOSE - AND NOW --



INTO THE FRONT ROOM WITH THE BAY WINDOW!



Beebo

OF THE
JUNGLE
ISLE

AND HIS WONDER HORSE
FLEET

*The ADVENTURE THAT SHAPED
THE DESTINY OF BEEBO'S LIFE
TOOK PLACE ON A SHIP CAUGHT
IN A RAGING HURRICANE SOME-
WHERE IN THE SOUTH SEAS.....*



BY BINDER, FROELICH AND GRUSKIN



*The TINY VESSEL,
DRIVEN FAR OFF ITS
COURSE, HELPLESSLY
BEARS DOWN ON A
FORMATION OF
JAGGED REEFS!*



ARE YOU
SURE WE'RE
DOING THE
RIGHT THING?
... CAN FLEET
MAKE IT?

FLEET IS STRONG... A GOOD
SWIMMER. IT'S JUST A 100 TO
1 CHANCE HE'LL REACH LAND.
BUT WE'VE GOT TO GIVE OUR
CHILD THAT
**ONE CHANCE
TO LIVE!**

**A STRANGE GROUP
FIGHTS THE STORM
ON THE WIND-SWEPT
DECK. THE MAN AND
WOMAN HAVE JUST
MADE A TERRIFYING
DECISION.....**



GET OUR BABY SAFELY
TO SHORE, FLEET...
PLEASE... **DON'T
FAIL US!**



THE NEXT INSTANT, AT THE WORD FROM HIS BELOVED MASTER, FLEET CLEARS THE DECK AND PLUMMETS TOWARDS THE WATER WITH HIS PRECIOUS BURDEN!

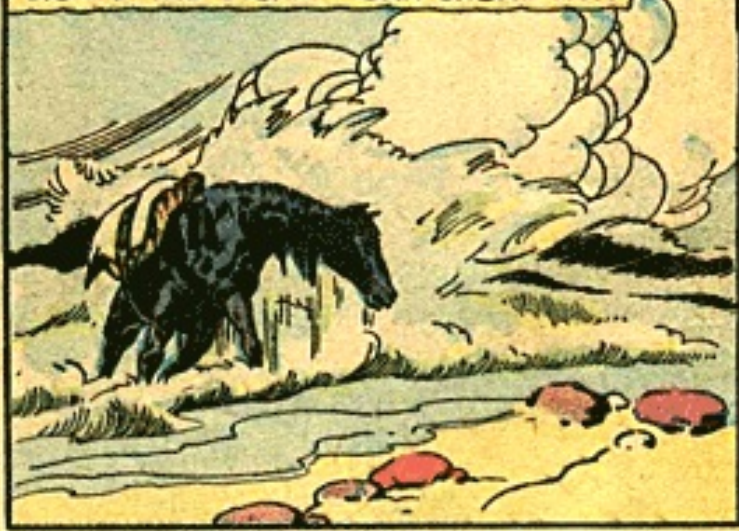


THE VALIANT HORSE BEGINS HIS HEROIC STRUGGLE WITH THE TREACHEROUS WATERS.....

A SUDDEN CRASH CAUSES FLEET TO SADLY TURN FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE BATTERED VESSEL CARRYING HIS HUMAN FRIENDS TO THEIR WATERY GRAVE....



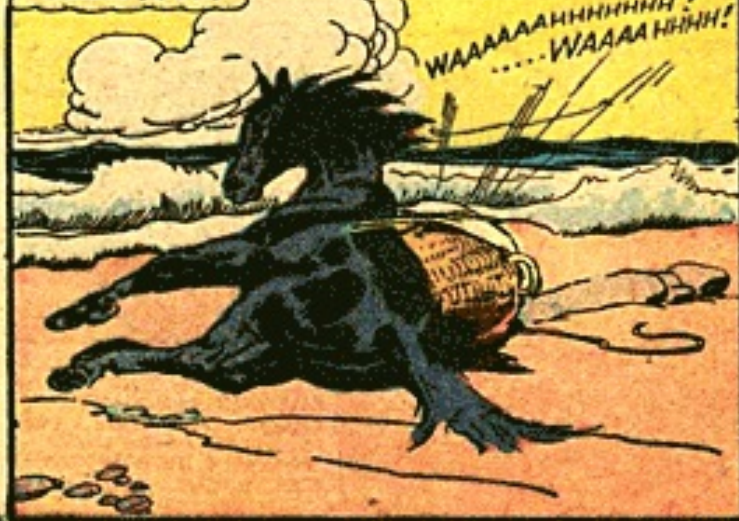
BATTERED, SORE, EXHAUSTED FROM HIS LONG BATTLE WITH THE ANGRY SEA, FLEET FINALLY SIGHS THE STORM-TORN SHORE.....

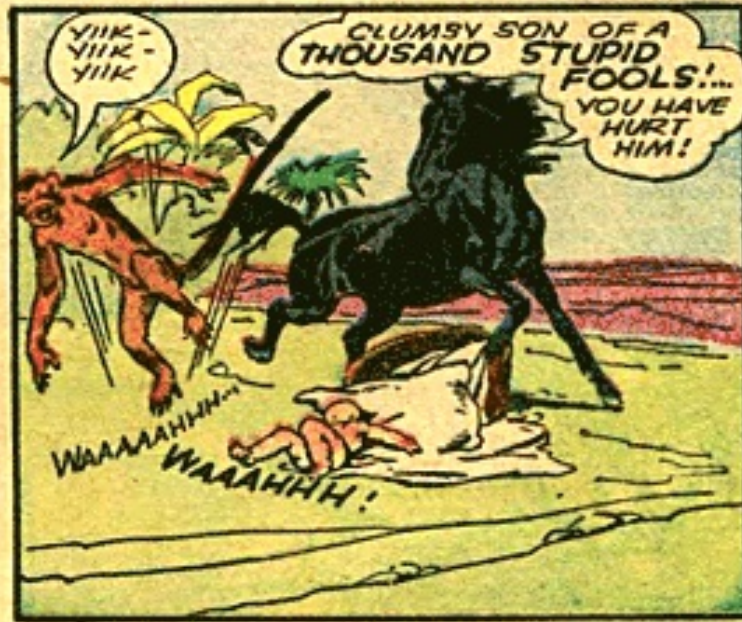


... AND SECONDS LATER, HE IS TOSSED ON THE SHORE LIKE A PIECE OF SODDEN DRIFTWOOD.



FLEET FALLS INTO A DEEP, PEACEFUL SLEEP, WHEN HE HEARS A MOST WELCOME SOUND FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE PACK ON HIS BACK.....





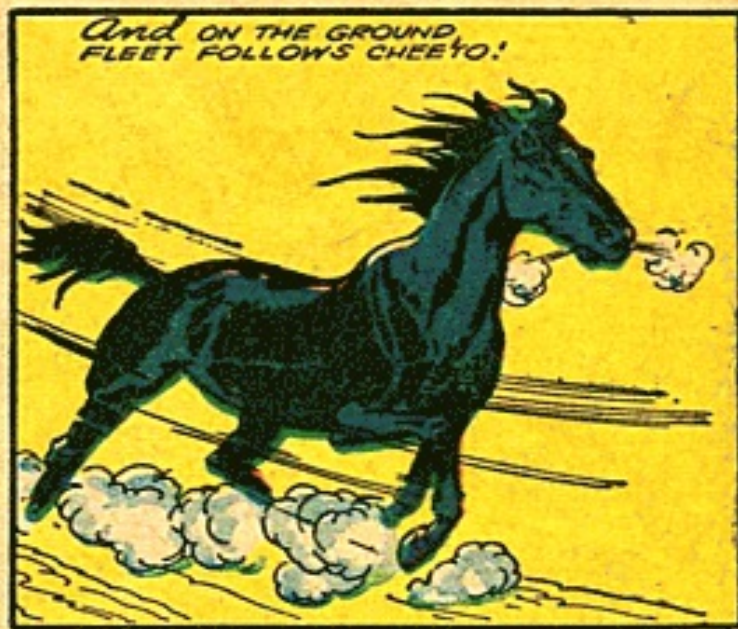




PUNJAB IS UNAWARE
THAT CHEETO FOLLOWS
CLOSE BEHIND



And ON THE GROUND
FLEET FOLLOWS CHEETO!



TO WHERE DO YOU
RUN WITH THE SPEED
OF WIND, FLEET?...
WHAT IS WRONG?

PUNJAB HAS
CAPTURED
BEEBO... HE
MEANS TO
KILL HIM!

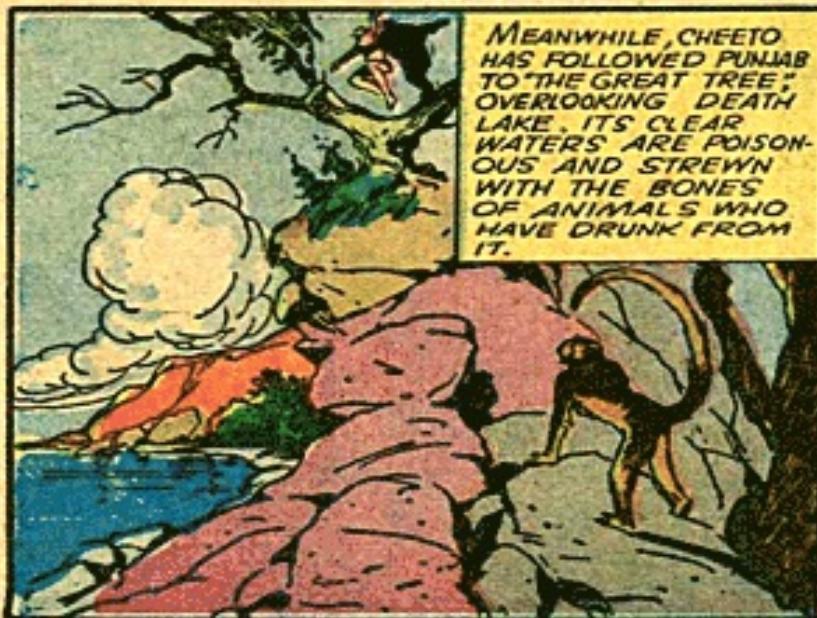


HE DOES... DOES HE!!...
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
... LEAD THE WAY!

THANK YOU,
BULA. I SHALL
NOT FORGET
THIS KINDNESS!



MEANWHILE, CHEETO
HAS FOLLOWED PUNJAB
TO 'THE GREAT TREE',
OVERLOOKING DEATH
LAKE. ITS CLEAR
WATERS ARE POISON-
OUS AND STREWN
WITH THE BONES
OF ANIMALS WHO
HAVE DRUNK FROM
IT.



GRRRRR!

At THIS MOMENT,
A ROTTEN BRANCH
GIVES WAY UNDER
THEIR WEIGHT!

WE'RE FALLING
INTO DEATH
LAKE, PUNJAB!







BUT BEEBO DOES NOT KNOW THAT AN INNOCENT ADVENTURE OF HIS AND FLEET'S WILL BRING TO JUNGLE ISLE DEATH, BATTLE AND UNREST SUCH AS THE PEACEFUL ANIMALS HAD NEVER KNOWN!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT ADVENTURES OF BEEBO OF JUNGLE ISLE AND HIS WONDER HORSE FLEET.









BUSINESS CONTINUES IN THE GOONA-GOONA CAFE, DESPITE THE MURDER OF THE OWNER, FLASH BELWOOD, IN THE OFFICE ABOVE ...



YES, I'M NICK GURNER, THE MANAGER.

THE COMMISSIONER WANTS TO SEE YOU UP IN THE OFFICE

FLASH BELWOOD - MURDERED! AND YOU SAY STEVE ATLEE DID IT?



YES, ATLEE WAS THE ONLY PERSON WE FOUND HERE. THERE CAN'T BE A SECRET EXIT FROM THIS OFFICE DOWN THROUGH THE OPEN SPACE OF THE CAFE.

I'LL REMOVE THE BODY AND PLACE THE OFFICE UNDER GUARD WHILE I SEND FOR AN EXPERT TO OPEN THE SAFE

A GOOD IDEA, COMMISSIONER

THINGS ARE BREAKING EXACTLY AS I WANT!



HOW SOON WILL THE SAFE EXPERT ARRIVE, COMMISSIONER?

IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR. I'M ANXIOUS TO LOOK INTO BELWOOD'S SAFE. BESIDES MONEY IT MAY CONTAIN EVIDENCE AGAINST ATLEE!



I'LL WAIT HERE FOR THE EXPERT, GURNER

NOW IT'S UP TO MARGO!

I'LL WATCH THINGS IN THE CAFE











TO THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES COME THE HOODED WASP AND HIS PROTEGE JIM MARTIN, THE WASPLET HUNTING ALLIGATORS FOR SPORT. AROUND THE EVENING CAMP FIRE, THEY HEAR OF THE **SWAMP GHOST**.

WE MUST NOT HUNT BEYOND WHERE WE NOW SIT. THERE LIVES THE **SWAMP GHOST** WHO KILLS ALL WHO ENTER!

ONE YEAR AGO... MY FRIEND, ACE LOCK, WAS HUNTING GATORS THERE. HE STUMBLED UPON A **HUGE TREASURE** THEN THIS THING... THIS **GHOST** ROSE OUT OF THE SWAMP AND ATTACKED HIM!

SOMEHOW, AFTER BEING HORRIBLY MANGLED, HE ESCAPED. IN HIS DYING BREATH HE TOLD OF THE **TREASURE**. SINCE THEN MANY HAVE GONE INTO FIND IT... BUT NONE HAVE RETURNED-ALIVE!



WELL-WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

SO YOU'RE DETERMINED TO HUNT THE TREASURE?

YEP!... SORRY YOU'RE NOT COMING ALONG.

WE DON'T HANKER TUH GIT KILLED! REMEMBER WE'UNS HAS WARNED YOUH!

IT IS KIND OF SPOOKY IN HERE THINK WE'LL MEET THE GHOST?

I WOULDN'T BE A BIT SURPRISED... KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT..

AT THIS MOMENT, DANGER LURKS BENEATH THE BOAT...

WHAT THE?..

ALLIGATOR!

WHACK!

UGH!

THE ALLIGATOR OPENS ITS JAWS WIDE TO DEVOUR ITS VICTIMS!!!

THE YAWNING JAWS REACH OUT THE HOODED WASP JAMS HIS RIFLE INTO THE CAVITY!

Oooo, MY HEAD... WHERE ARE WE? IN THE GATOR'S STOMACH?

NOPE!... HE TOOK ONE TASTE OF US - DECIDED WE WERE TOO TOUGH AND CHUCKED US OUT!

WRAP YOUR TEETH AROUND THIS... BABY!

SAY! - I'LL BET THAT GIANT GATOR'S THE GHOST THEY'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT!

COULD BE... BUT I DON'T THINK SO. PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE SCARED O' GATORS.

I'VE GOT A HUNCH WE'RE GOING TO BE MEETING UP WITH THAT GHOST... AND PRETTY SOON!

THOSE WHO ON MY TREASURE WOULD THRIVE, NEVER LEAVE THIS SWAMP ALIVE!!

WELL WHADAYA KNOW! A POET GHOST!

THE SWAMP GHOST

SPLASH

THAT'S ONE FOR RIPLEY!



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WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE
IF WE DIVE THROUGH THE
FLAMES FOR THAT GREEN
VINE.... ARE YOU GAME?

GAMES ARE MY MEAT.
LET'S GO!

AMEN TO THAT!

WOW!... FROM NOW ON
I'M GOING TO BE AN AWFULLY
GOOD BOY IF THIS IS WHAT
HADES FEELS LIKE!

MADE IT!
NOW IF THE VINE HOLDS,
WE CAN SWING RIGHT OUT
OF THIS INFERNO!

THAT DID IT!

NOW DIVE
INTO THE
WATER

NOW WHAT,
HOODED WASP?

NOW TO
FIND MR. GHOST
AND HAUNT HIM!

SPLASH

HIP DEEP IN MUDDY WATER, THE TWO
PALS OF ADVENTURE SCOUR THE SWAMP
FOR THE GHOST. IT SEEMS HOPELESS
WHEN....



WHAT'S
THAT?

SH-H-H!

TOO BAD YOU MISSED THE FUN,
SAM!...THEY RAN RIGHT IN-
TUH OUR TRAP...THEN ZINGO!
UP THEY GOES AND I PUTS THE
WHOLE THING ON FIRE!



HEH-HEH!...BET IF
THEY WAS STILL
LIVIN' DEY'D BE-
LIEVE IN GHOSTS
NOW!.....

KNOW WHO THEY
ARE, WASPLETTE?..
TWO GUESSES.

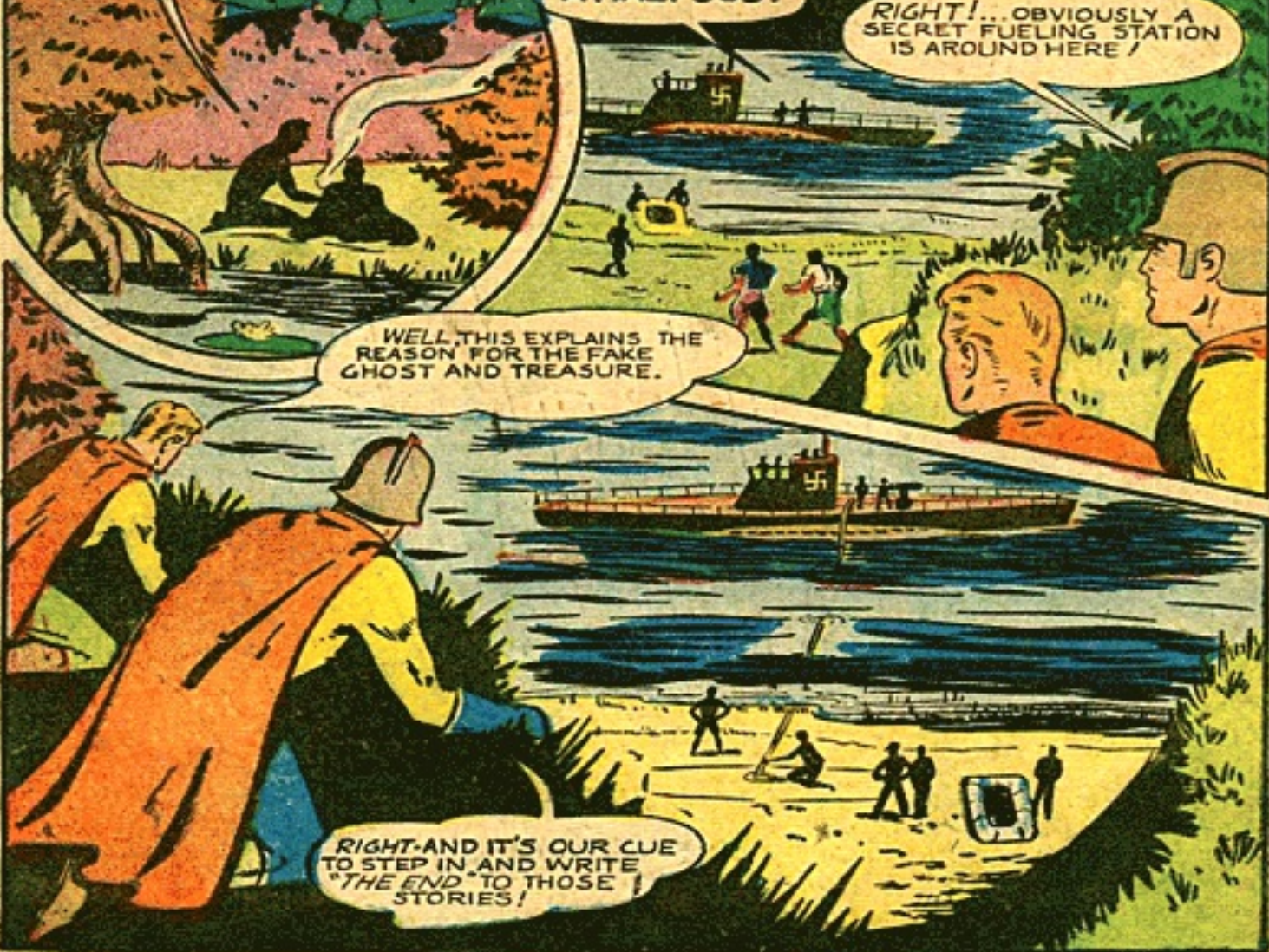
CUT M'BRICTES
AND CALL ME PANTY
WAIST IF THEY AREN'T
JAKE AND SAM,
OUR GUIDES!



THE HOODED WASP AND WASPLETTE
FOLLOW THE GUIDES OVER A HILL ON THE
FAR SIDE OF WHICH LIES THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.
THEN THEY SEE A REALLY AMAZING SIGHT.....

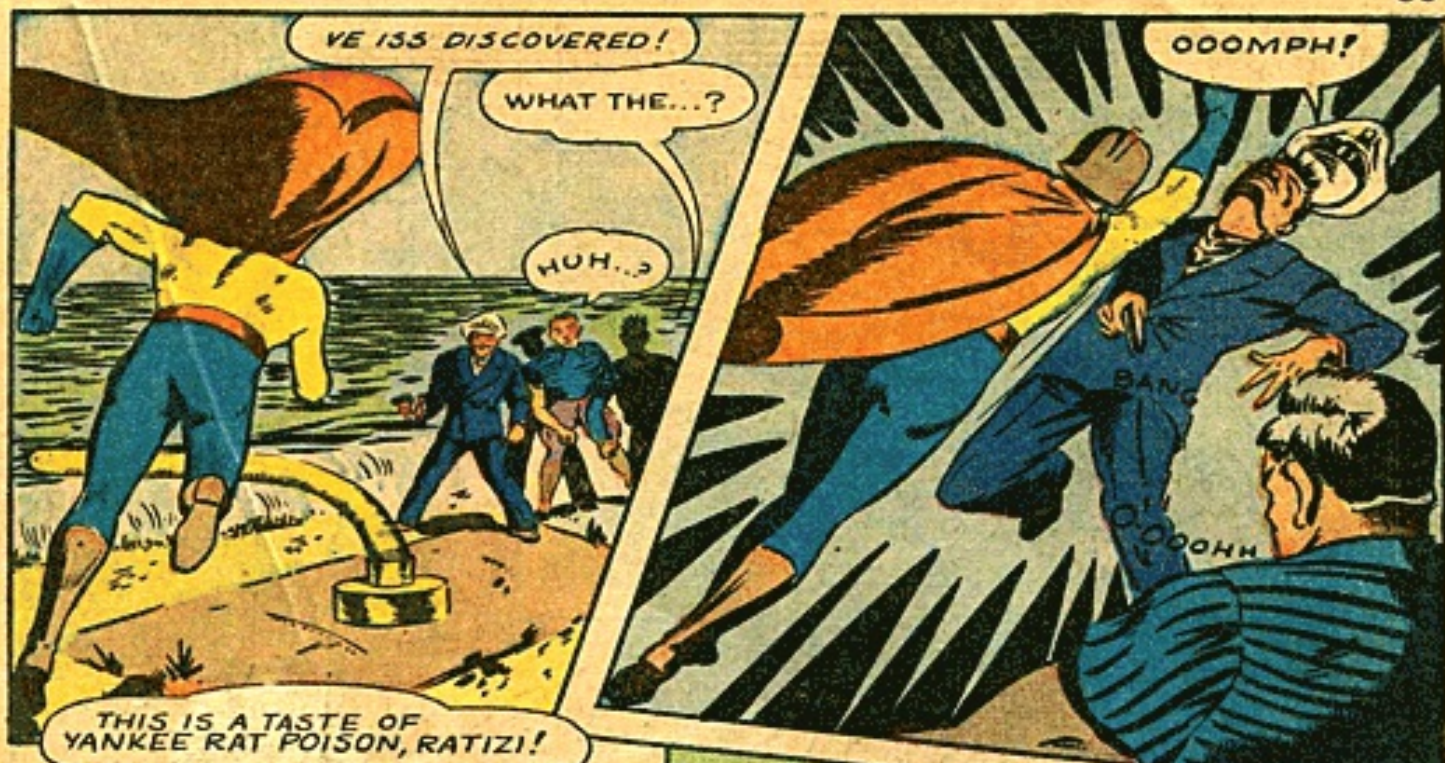
A NAZI SUB!

RIGHT!...OBVIOUSLY A
SECRET FUELING STATION
IS AROUND HERE!



WELL, THIS EXPLAINS THE
REASON FOR THE FAKE
GHOST AND TREASURE.

RIGHT-AND IT'S OUR CUE
TO STEP IN AND WRITE
"THE END" TO THOSE
STORIES!



MEANTIME, WASPLETTE
REMOVES THE LONG
HOSE SECTION AND
GIVES THE NAZIS
MORE OIL THAN
THEY BARGAIN-
ED FOR.

DRINK UP!... ALL
THE OIL YOU CAN
TAKE... FREE!...
COME ONE, COME ALL

STOLP!...
GLUB... STOLUP!
...BLUB... PLUP!

HIMMEL...
BLUB... SCLUB!
@ # ☆ *!



WE'VE GOT TO GET
TO THE SUB FAST
BEFORE THEY
SMELL TROUBLE...

IT WAS TOO DARK
FOR THEM TO
SEE WHAT WENT
ON ASHORE, HERE...

VICTORY PACKET FREE

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Catalogue, all free, send 5c for postage.

GRAY STAMP COMPANY

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A FEW MINUTES LATER,
A STRONG HAND REACH-
ES OUT OF THE WATER...



NICK CARTER

SOLVES A
MURDER IN AN AIR RAID

AN ARMY FLASH!...
AIR RAID!!

IN SHORT SECONDS
THE CITY IS BLACKED
OUT... PEOPLE RUN
FOR SHELTER. THEN,
THE DRONE OF AP-
PROACHING PLANES,
THE THUNDER OF ANTI-
AIRCRAFT FIRE AND
LAST... THE DREADED
SCREAM OF THE BOMBS
FOLLOWED BY....

NICK CARTER, CAUGHT
OUTSIDE, SEES THE
TERROR-STRIKEN GIRL
AND RUSHES TO HER
RESCUE....

EASY, MISS -
I'LL HELP YOU!





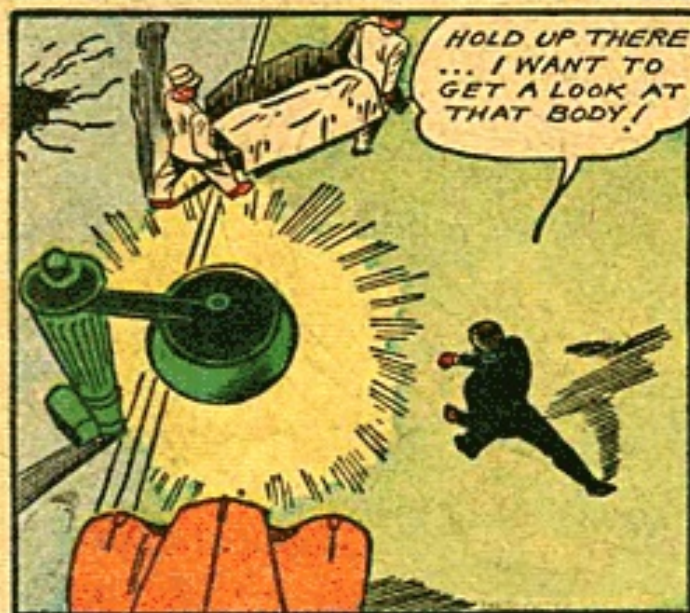
A SECOND LATER, ANOTHER
FIGURE DASHES FROM
THE HOUSE - BENDS
OVER THE FIRST ONE...



WITHOUT ANSWERING, THE
STRANGER WHIRLS AND
SPEEDS DOWN THE STREET.









THE BODY IS RETURNED TO THE HOUSE FROM WHICH IT CAME

GOOD LORD!... IT'S MR. MININE ... DEAD!

NO ONE'S TO LEAVE THIS HOUSE!... LOCK THE DOORS... THEN CALL IN SPECTOR KERN AND TELL HIM TO HURRY OVER WITH THE MEDICAL EXAMINER.



THE BODY IS BROUGHT INTO THE LIVING ROOM WHERE SEVERAL PEOPLE ARE GATHERED

SO SOMEONE FINALLY GOT UP ENOUGH NERVE TO KILL HIM....GOOD!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MADAME?



I MEAN HE WAS A CRUEL, HEARTLESS WRETCH WHO DESERVED TO DIE!



WE ALL HAD REASON TO KILL HIM... WE ALL HATED HIM FOR USING US, THEN CRUSHING US UNDER HIS HEEL!

I SEE... HMMMM. IS THERE ANYONE MISSING WHO WAS HERE DURING THE RAID?

NO SIR. I WILL VOUCH FOR THAT.



A SHORT TIME LATER, INSPECTOR KERN AND THE MEDICAL EXAMINER ARRIVE

... THEN YOU THINK THE GUY THAT MURDERED HIM PUSHED HIM INTO THE STREET, HOPIN' NOBODY WOULD NOTICE FRAGMENTATION DIDN'T KILL HIM, EH?

EXACTLY!... IF I HADN'T SEEN WHAT HAPPENED, IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE WORKED!



NICK... THE BULLET ENTERED AT RIGHT OF HEART, PIERCED RIGHT AN' LEFT VENTRICLE AND LODGED IN SECOND RIB, LEFT SIDE ... FIRED ABOUT TWO FEET AWAY.

THANKS, DOC. THAT'S WHAT I WANTED TO KNOW.



NICK CARTER HAS AT THIS POINT SUFFICIENT EVIDENCE TO KNOW WHO THE KILLER'S IDENTITY IS. ALL THE CHARACTERS AND CLUES HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO YOU EXACTLY AS NICK SPOTTED AND HEARD THEM. DO YOU KNOW WHO THE KILLER IS? NOW-READ ON....



IN THE TEETH OF THE KILLER'S GUN FIRE, NICK TAKES UP THE CHASE!



AS NICK CLOSES IN, THE KILLER LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOF TOPS...





ICK'S POWERFUL BLOW SENDS THE KILLER REELING HE LOSES HIS BALANCE.



..CRASHES TO THE GROUND!



LATER THE DYING KILLER IS BROUGHT INTO THE HOUSE

YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME EVANS - WANT TO TELL US WHY YOU KILLED MININE?

OKAY NOTHING TO LOSE WE WERE KIDS TOGETHER WENT TO SOUTH AMERICA DISCOVERED GOLD MINE BECAME PARTNERS. THEN HE DOUBLE-CROSSED ME!

FRAMED A MURDER CHARGE AGAINST ME TOOK ME 20 YEARS TO ESCAPE. BUT I DID. FOUND HIM. KILLED HIM LIKE I SWORE I WOULD.

HE'S... DEAD



DANNY GARRETT

By JACK BINDER

SOLVES
A Problem in Silk

DANNY GARRETT, MIXING SHOE SHINES WITH CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION, LEARNED THE SECRET OF "SILK" CONNOR THE HARD WAY, AND FACED DEATH TWICE BEFORE HE SOLVED ITS MYSTERY!



ONE AFTERNOON, DANNY IS SHINING "SILK'S" SHOES.

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS WEAR EVERYTHING SILK? YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THE KINDA GUY WHO'D GO IN FOR Sissy STUFF LIKE THAT!

GOT TO DANNY. ANY OTHER MATERIAL NEXT TO MY SKIN GIVES ME A TERRIBLE RASH. EVEN HAVE TO LINE MY SUITS WITH SILK. INCIDENTALLY - WANTA SEE THE FIGHTS TONIGHT?

I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO. I'LL CALL YOU AT YOUR HOME IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES AND LET YOU KNOW.

DO I! ... BUT ISN'T IT LATE FOR TICKETS TO SUCH AN IMPORTANT FIGHT?

AS "SILK" LEAVES DANNY, A FIGURE WATCHES MENACINGLY...

YOU'RE WALKIN' YOUR "LAST MILE" SILK. ONLY YUH DON'T KNOW IT!





GETTING NO ANSWER FROM "SILK" DANNY HANGS UP... DIALS POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND SPEAKS TO DETECTIVE MIKE CLANCY...

I TELL YUH, MIKE... I HEARD THE SHOTS!... "SILK" WAS CALLIN' ME WHEN THIS GUY BREAKS IN AND GIVES IT TO HIM!

ARRIVING AT THE SAME TIME THEY SMASH AT THE DOOR - BUT SUDDENLY IT OPENS FROM THE INSIDE, AND....





HE, FOLLOWING DAY,
STILL TROUBLED,
DANNY SHINES "SILK'S"
SHOES

YEAH "SILK"... I
DREAMED YOU
AREN'T "SILK"! ...
SCREWY, HUH?

ANY MORE
BAD
DREAMS,
DANNY?

AWFUL SCREWY
DANNY..

THIS KID MAY KNOW
SOMETHIN'. I
BETTER RUB
HIM OUT!

AT THE SAME INSTANT, DANNY MAKES
A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

WOOL SOX!
THIS GUY
IS A
PHONEY!

SUDDENLY...

OWWWW
OWWWW
OWWWW

LUCKY NOBODY SAW ME
KICK THE BRAT!
NOW TUH GET RID
O' HIM!

WITH DANNY GARRETT RUBBED
OUT, NOBODY WILL EVER
SUSPECT THAT I'M NOT
"SILK" CONNORS!

THROWN ON THE FLOOR OF "SILK'S" CAR,
DANNY COMES TO ...

IF I LET HIM KNOW I'VE COME TO,
HE'LL SLUG ME AGAIN... BETTER
KEEP QUIET SO I'LL KNOW WHERE
I'M GOIN'!

HE CAN KEEP HIS PAL "SILK"
COMPANY AT THE BOTTOM
OF THE EAST RIVER! ...
HEH-HEH-HEH!

NOW TO SEE IF HE'S
FAKING UNCONSCIOUSNESS.
IT WOULDN'T DO TO HAVE HIM
ESCAPE FROM THE SACK AT
THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER!

HEARING HIS CAPTOR
TALK TO HIMSELF,
DANNY TENSES FOR THE
TEST OF PAIN!

HMMMM...
DIDN'T MOVE
A MUSCLE.
GUESS HE'S
STILL OUT
COLD... HEH-
HEH!... HE'LL
DROWN AND
NEVER KNOW
WHAT HAPPENED!

S TUFFING DANNY
INTO THE SACK,
THE KILLER GLEE-
FULLY SWINGS IT OUT
OVER THE RIVER...

GIVE MY REGARDS TO
"SILK"! ... HAH-HAH-HAH!
... FROM NOW ON PETE
CONNORS BECOMES
"SILK" CONNORS FOR
KEEPS!

SPLASH!

RAGGED BY THE HEAVY WEIGHTS, THE SACK SINKS TOWARD THE BOTTOM. BUT A KNIFE SUDDENLY CUTS THROUGH IT!



UNGS BURSTING, DANNY HEADS FOR AIR!



LITTLE WHILE LATER, MIKE CLANCY GETS A PHONE CALL

PHEWWWW!
THOUGHT I'D NEVER
MAKE IT!



NOW LOOK, DANNY —
IS THIS ANOTHER ONE
O' YOUR PIPE DREAMS?

YOU GOTTA BE-
LIEVE ME, MIKE!
... GET A DIVER
DOWN HERE AND
I'LL BET HE FINDS
THE REAL "SILK"
CONNOR'S BODY!



MIKE FALLS FOR THE URGENCY IN DANNY'S VOICE, GETS A DIVER DOWN TO THE DESERTED WHARF. FOR SEVERAL HOURS, HOWEVER, THE SEARCH PROVES FRUITLESS ...

THIS IS THE LAST
TIME I'LL TAKE
ANY O' YOUR BA-
LONEY, DANNY
GARRETT!

BUT, MIKE! ...

HOLD IT —
ZACH'S SIG-
NALED TO
DRAG HIM UP
FAST!



HE DIVER BREAKS SURFACE, HOLDING A LIMP BURDEN ...

I SUFFERIN' CATFISH!
... IT IS
"SILK"
CONNORS!

I KNEW IT...
I KNEW IT! ...
THIS GUY POSIN' AS
"SILK" MUST BE HIS
TWIN!



THE NEXT DAY...





JUST STUNNED, DANNY COMES AROUND...





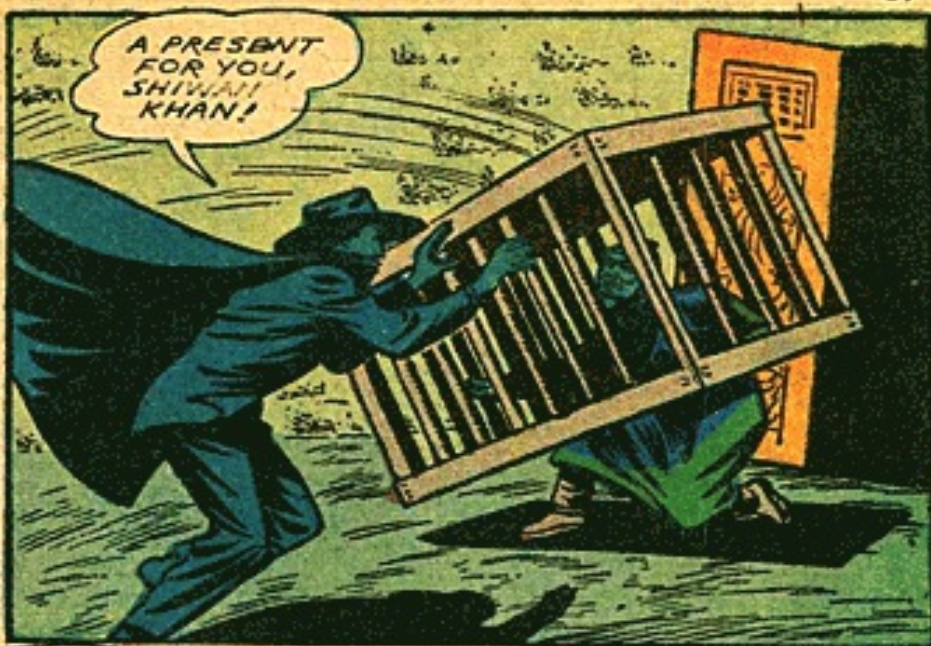












THIS DEVICE IS A POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET. WHEN MARGO PRESSED THE SWITCH IT LIFTED THE HALF-TON CAGE FROM THE FLOOR BELOW.



... AND WHEN SHE PUSHED THE LEVER, A TRAVELER CARRIED THE LOAD ACROSS THE ROOM. THE CAGE DROPPED WHEN SHE TURNED OFF THE SWITCH.



NOW I'LL GO DOWN TO GET MY PRISONER. HE WON'T TELL SHIWAN KHAN THE REAL SECRET OF MY STRENGTH!



TO THINK THAT WHEN I PUSHED THIS TEENY SWITCH, IT LIFTED A HALF-TON!



DON'T DO THAT!

THIS CAGE IS GOING UP!



... AND I'M GOING OUT!



GOOD-BYE, SHADOW.

MARGO MUST HAVE PUSHED THE SWITCH AGAIN! TOO BAD MING DWAN DIDN'T STOP HER!



YES, SHIWAN KHAN GOT AWAY AGAIN. BUT HE'LL RETURN, TO MAKE MORE TROUBLE.

WAS I A DOPE!

DO YOU MEAN "WAS" -- OR "AM"?



The REAL STORY of "UNCLE SAM!"

TROY, N.Y., 1812...

I'M ELBERT ANDERSON
AND I'VE A MEAT
CONTRACT TO FEED
THE ARMY NEAR ALBANY.
YOU'RE IN TH' MEAT
BUSINESS--WILL YOU
SELL ME THE MEAT?

SURE. SAM
WILSON IS
GLAD TO
HELP HIS
COUNTRY
NOW THAT
WE HAVE
ANOTHER
WAR ON
OUR
HANDS!

WHAT DO
THE INITIALS
STAND FOR?

THE MAN
WHO'S
GOT THE
CONTRACT--
ELBERT
ANDERSON!
AN' OF
COURSE
UNCLE SAM
HIMSELF,
IN TROY.

WHO'S
UNCLE
SAM?

UNCLE
SAM WILSON,
MY BOSS
OF COURSE.
WHO
SUPPLIES
TH' MEAT
OUT OF
TROY, N.Y.

E.A. TO UNCLE
SAM, EH? OR
THE UNITED
STATES. SAY--
THAT'S
AN IDEA!



UNCLE SAM'S
MEAT IS GOOD,
EH?

FRESH,
TOO!

THAT'S A
GOOD ONE--
US. FOR
UNCLE SAM,
EH?

SO UNCLE SAM
WAS BORN IN
THE U.S. ARMY!

THE PAPERS
THIS YEAR OF
1813 ARE SPEAK-
ING OF ME--
UNCLE SAM! I'LL
BECOME THE
SPIRIT OF MY
COUNTRY!





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SECRET CODES

By HENRY LYSING

NOTED EXPERT ON CODES, AUTHOR OF "SECRET WRITING," "THE CRYPTOGRAM BOOK," ETC., CONDUCTOR OF THE "CODES" DEPARTMENT IN THE SHADOW MAGAZINE; TECHNICAL DIRECTOR OF COLUMBIA'S GREAT CHAPTER PLAY, "THE SECRET CODE."

(This is the second of a series of lessons in codes and secret writing by Mr. Lysing. Those who missed the first issue can get back copies of *The Shadow Comics* by writing direct to us, inclosing 10 cents for the October issue. Mr. Lysing's code department appears in every issue of *The Shadow Magazine*, also, and our readers can secure a copy of this great mystery magazine at any newsstand.)

LESSON TWO

In our first lesson in the previous issue of *The Shadow Comics*, we introduced you to this fascinating and enlightening hobby of codes.

Now we go one step further and show you how you can transpose your written messages in such ways as to make the meaning absolutely difficult to understand. Let us start with an easier form; a way that requires no charts, or other material, but which proved effective in early American military campaigns, especially during the Civil War. It is called the Rail Fence Cipher, for reasons which will be apparent.

Again we take our standard coded message, "This code is very easy," and see it written:

TICDIVRES HSOESEYAY

If we check our letter frequency, we feel sure that the alphabet is not altered in any way. The code, therefore, must be one in which the letters are out of their regular order.

Trying the code backward doesn't help, either. So we start looking for combinations; trying to see if one letter from one word fits one from the other; or twisting them about a bit. We even try, for example, putting them one above the other, like this:

TICDIVRES
HSOESEYAY

and from this formation we try reading them up and down. What do we get? "This code is very easy," and we get it by reading the letters from every other line. The way this code is written is simply to drop every other letter

to the bottom line, like this:

T I C D I V R E S
H S O E S E Y A Y

which, with the drawn-in lines connecting the letters in their proper order, gives the appearance of an old-fashioned rail fence, and gives the code its name. It's quick and easy to write, and proves pretty clever in actual practice. If you want to make it harder, you can substitute other letters, after you've done the rail-fence part of it.

Let's study the Route Transposition, with additional designations as the Horizontal Route, Alternate Horizontal, Vertical, and Alternate Vertical. Further, you may evolve a mixture of all of these four versions, with a really difficult code as the result.

Let's take our message: "THIS IS AN EASY CODE FOR YOU TO SOLVE."

The first step is to set this message down in the form of a box, using six or more letters to a line.

T H I S I S
A N E A S Y
C O D E F O
R Y O U T O
S O L V E X

The last letter, X, is a "null"—a letter that is simply used to fill out the line.

Putting your message in this form is merely the first step. Anybody could read it as it is. Now we want to put it down in the form we wish to send it. This first form we will make the Horizontal Route transposition, so that means we can take off the letters from the block above in a *horizontal* way, which will give us four possibilities; we can take the letters from left to right, which would simply be our plain message again; or from right to left, beginning at the top line, which would be better. We could also do the same by starting at the bottom line; either start from right to left and go upward, or from left to right. Suppose we do the last three, the only ones that would give us anything in the way of a code:

Taking the message from right to left, beginning at the top line, we get:

SISIH TYSAE NAOFE
DOCOT UOYRX EVLOS

If we take it from the bottom, right to left:

XEVLO SOTUO YROFE
DOCYS AENAS ISIHT

And if we take it off left to right, from bottom line up, we get:

SOLVE XRYOU TOCOD
EFOAN EASYT HISIS

Now you can see why we said you should make the box at least six letters long. When we transpose the code we want words of about five letters. If we had a box of only five letters we would be repeating the same words, no matter how we transposed them, and there would be no difficult code at all. Even as it is, we would have done much better to have written this in only four-letter words, or even three-letter words, to break it up more. It so happens that the words we use in this message are a type that come out with fair clarity even after they are coded in this manner. However, you can't choose your words in sending messages; you have to choose the code. In this case only our first transcription looks tough; the other two have words that are easily detected: such as ISIHT, which proves itself to be THIS, and the others which look like words. They would betray your message immediately.

Let us try this same boxing of the message, but using the *Vertical* transposition; that is, taking the letters off column for column, instead of line for line. This time we have four ways of doing it. Start at upper left or right and go down; start at lower left, or lower right, and go up. Let's start at upper left:

TACRS HNOYO IEDOL
SAEUV ISFTE SYOOX

That looks a bit tougher. Now let's take it off from the upper right, and we find that it would give us exactly the same as the first take-off, because our message happens to be only five lines long, and we are taking it off in five-letter groups. Even if it were longer there would be some similarity, but remember that the similarity is only when you see both coded messages together, and that would harm any single message.

SYOOX ISFTE SAEUV
IEDOL HNOYO TACRS

Now, let's take it from the bottom, lower left up:

SRCAT OYONH LODEI
VUEAS ETFSI XOOYS

That looks pretty tough, too. And for the reverse of that (again pretty similar, as in the case above) we get:

XOOYS ETFSI VUEAS
LODEI OYONH SRCAT

This time, any one of the four messages, sent this way, would prove difficult.

But we have two more methods. In the two previous cases we took the lines either up or down, in straight succession. But we could make it more difficult by *skipping* a line, or by *alternating* our progression. Instead of going from the top of the first line (if we started at its bottom) to the bottom of the second line, we could continue to the top of the second and work down again, thus *alternating*, or we could skip from the top of the first line to the bottom of the *third* line, or the *top* of the third line, thus *skipping*. To give you an idea of how this works, here is the message taken off by skipping every other line:

TACRS IEDOL ISFTE
HNOYO SAEUV SYOOX

You take every other line, and when you get to the last line, come back and pick up the ones you skipped. You could do the same thing by going from bottom to top, etc.

By *alternating*, you go from bottom of one line, to top of second, then to bottom of third, and so on. Putting this down as an alternating horizontal, (which will mean going from right to left, left to right, et cetera) we get:

XEVLO SRYOU TOOFE
DOCAN EASYS ISIHT

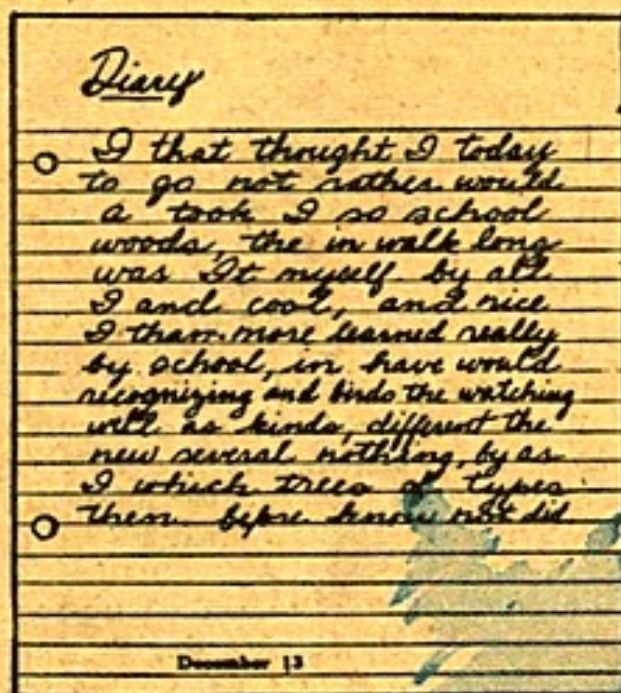
or, taking it from top left down:

TACRS OYONH IEDOL
VUEAS ISFTE XOOYS

Whichever method you prefer to use, depending on your own likes and dislikes, and many times on the type of message you have to send, all that is necessary is for the recipient to know that you are using one of the route transpositions, and he can solve your message. To decode such messages, simply count the total number of letters, and then plot them out in the most logical square they might fit. Our message, for example, has thirty letters. It would almost have to be a box of five letters one way, six the other; or three one way, ten the other. A little guessing and trying will give you the solution.

If this sounds a bit too complicated, let's

show you just how you can use an adaptation of this for your own purpose. Most of you keep diaries, and don't want others to know what is in them because you want to express your very thoughts in its pages. Well, there's always a chance that by accident, or otherwise, someone will open the pages. If he opens a page that looks like this he won't be able to learn much, will he?



Look at that awhile, and then look at this, which is the real message contained on that page:

"Today I thought that I would rather not go to school, so I took a long walk in the woods, all by myself. It was nice and cool, and I really learned more than I would have in school, by watching the birds and recognizing the different kinds, as well as by noting several new types of trees which I did not know before then."

Can you see how the lad keeping this diary utilized his knowledge of the transpositional codes? Study it a few more minutes and then read the explanation below.

All the lad did was decide upon, beforehand, the number of words that would easily go into one line of diary. He found it to be about five. So, whenever he wrote anything for his diary he first wrote it out in the regular way, but wrote only five words to each line. The note above was as follows:

"today I thought that I
would rather not go to
school, so I took a

long walk in the woods,
all by myself. It was
nice and cool and I
really learned more than I
would have in school, by
watching the birds and recognizing
the different kinds, as well
as by noting several new
types of trees which I
did not know before then."

Having written it that way, all he did was to recopy it, line for line, but *backward*, into his diary. It looks much better in handwriting than when set down in type, because you can stretch or squeeze your handwriting so that all the lines seem to be filled evenly, and it is pretty hard for any one to catch on.

Of course, after long study, it could be deciphered. If you want to make it harder, you might write each word backward, or perhaps make your line six words long, and write the words into the diary by mixing up the words in each line in some definite arrangement. That would break up some of the sensible lines which appear in this example. In this, as in all codes, you are limited only by your ingenuity.

In this diary code, as well as in the ones we explained before, you have a chance to make things twice as difficult by adding another coding—that is, after you have your coded message complete by transposition, *then* use a reverse alphabet, as explained in our first lesson. Using Z for A, Y for B, et cetera, would really give the uninitiated a job to try to solve some of these codes, because even if the person is lucky enough to break through the reversing of the alphabet, he still has the transposition to break down; and, on the other hand, if he is lucky enough to catch on to the transposition first, the reversed alphabet will give him plenty of headaches before he is through! The point to remember in codes is that the more work you put into a secret message, the more work it will take to uncover the message, unless the recipient has the key to it.

Let these codes be your practice work until the next lesson, in the January issue of The Shadow Comics. And if you missed the first lesson, you can get a copy of the November issue of The Shadow Comics, in which it appeared, by sending in ten cents.

(To Be Continued.)

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